

DEATH OF WOLVERINE®



MARVEL

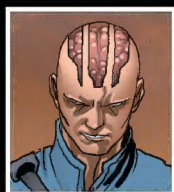
SOULE
LARROCA
D'ARMATA

003

THE WEAPON X PROGRAM



SHARP



NEURO



ENDO



SKEL



JUNK



???

THE GROUP OF EXPERIMENTAL TEST SUBJECTS FROM PARADISE HAS MANAGED TO TEMPORARILY EVADE THEIR PURSUERS, AFTER NEURO'S SURGICAL EXTRACTION OF TRACKING DEVICES IMPLANTED WITHIN THEIR BODIES.

BUT ALL IS NOT WELL. THE SIX ORIGINAL REFUGEES ARE NOW FIVE. UNBEKNOWNST TO THE OTHERS, NEURO WAS A SERIAL KILLER PRIOR TO HIS ENHANCEMENTS, AND ELIMINATED THE GROUP'S PSYCHIC TO PRESERVE HIS SECRETS.

NOW, THE GROUP HEADS SOUTH, SEARCHING FOR ANOTHER VICTIM OF PARADISE - A MAN THEY KNOW LITTLE ABOUT, BUT WHOM THEY SUSPECT WILL PROVIDE THEM WITH THE ANSWERS AND AID THEY NEED. HIS NAME: VICTOR CREED.

A.K.A. SABRETOOTH.

EXPERIMENTATION

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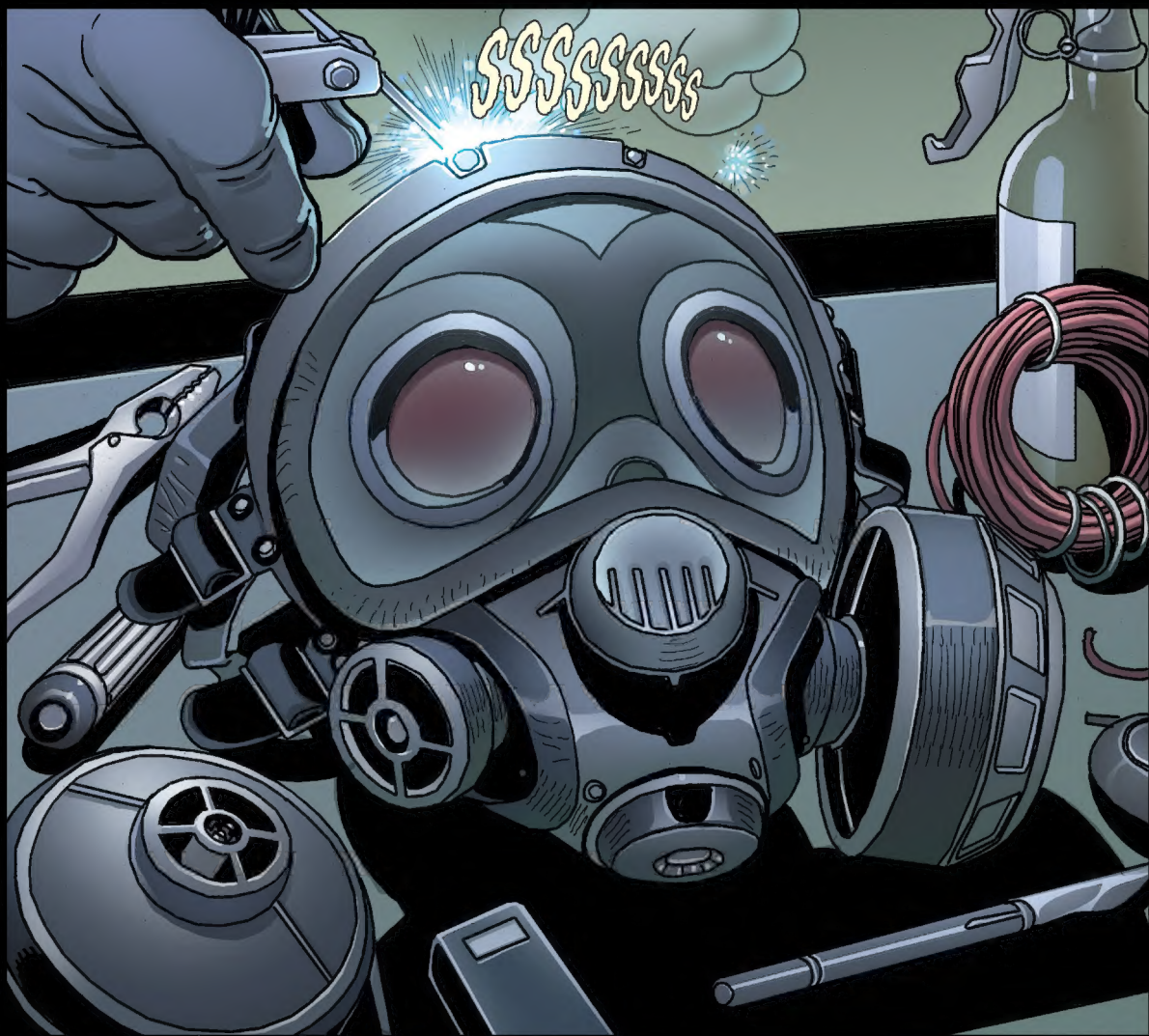
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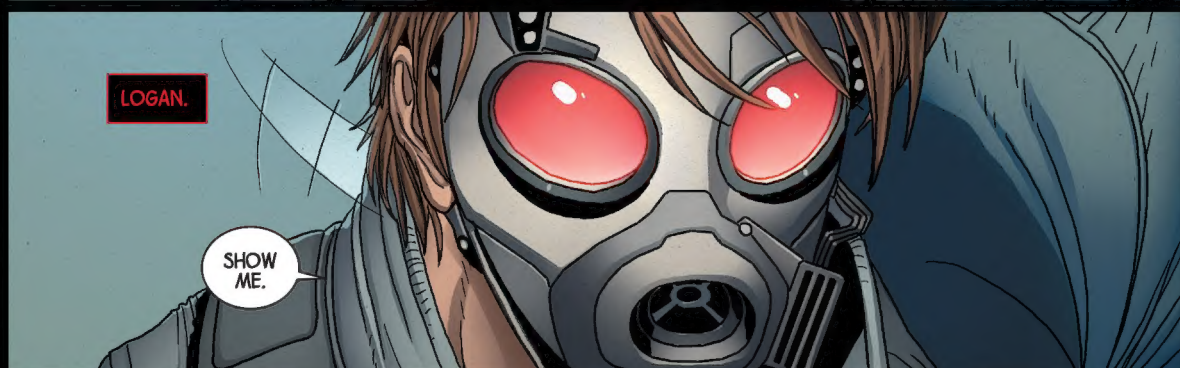
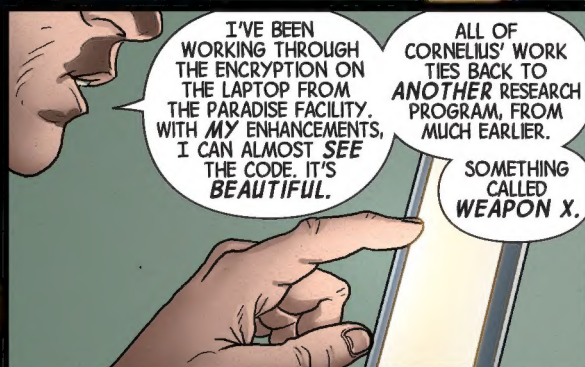
...NOT
QUITE
RIGHT...



...BUT
CLOSER.

SHARP.
CAN I SPEAK
TO YOU FOR A
MOMENT?

WHAT DO
YOU NEED,
HAROLD?



**OUTSIDE GONZALES, TEXAS.
HEADED EAST ON US-10.**

YOU ALL
RIGHT TO KEEP
DRIVING, **SKEL?**

OH, SURE.
MAYBE A LITTLE
CRAMPED, BUT I'LL
STOP IN A WHILE,
STRETCH MY
LEGS...

...MOSTLY, JUST WISH
I KNEW WHAT WE'RE
DOING, JUNK.

I THINK WE'RE
TRYING TO FIND THAT
OTHER GUY, RIGHT?
THE ONE SHARP AND NEURO
TOLD US ABOUT--THE ONE
FROM THE FACILITY.

CREED,
THEY SAID.
VINCENT
CREED.

NAH, IT WAS
VICTOR. MY HEAD'S
PRETTY MUCH SHOT FOR
MOST THINGS, BUT I
ALWAYS HAD A GOOD
MEMORY FOR **NAMES**
AND **FACES**.

WELL,
WHATEVER.
MAYBE HE'LL
HELP US.

...
DO YOU
KNOW...WHAT
HAPPENED TO
US, **SKEL?**

WHADDYA
MEAN?

DO YOU
EVEN KNOW HOW
YOU **GOT TO THAT**
PLACE? THE PLACE
THEY CHANGED
US?

'CAUSE I
DON'T. I WAS IN
OAKLAND, GOING TO
SEE ONE OF MY LADIES,
AND THEN THIS GUY
WALKS RIGHT UP TO
ME. NEVER SEEN
HIM BEFORE.



"WHITE GUY.
LOOKED
TOTALLY OUT OF
PLACE FOR THAT
NEIGHBORHOOD.
I THOUGHT HE'D
GOTTEN LOST,
MAYBE NEEDED
DIRECTIONS."

"BUT HE KNEW
MY NAME."

DANNY
SILVA?

WHO'S
ASKIN'? YOU MY
LAWYER?



IT'S HIM.
BUT LET'S VERIFY.
NO ROOM FOR
MISTAKES.

"GOT WEIRD
REAL FAST."



MMF!

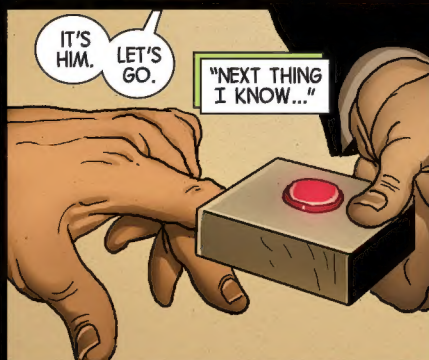
RELAX, SON.
YOU SHOULD BE
HAPPY. YOU'RE
SPECIAL.

YOU LEFT
DNA ALL OVER
THE SCENE.
MR. SILVA. SLOPPY--
BUT WE APPRECIATE
IT NEVERTHELESS.



YOU SEE,
THEY TEST THAT
DNA, AND WE HAVE
ACCESS TO THOSE
TESTS. WE HAVE
ACCESS TO
EVERYTHING.

LIKE I SAID.
YOU'RE **SPECIAL.**
YOU'VE GOT
POTENTIAL.

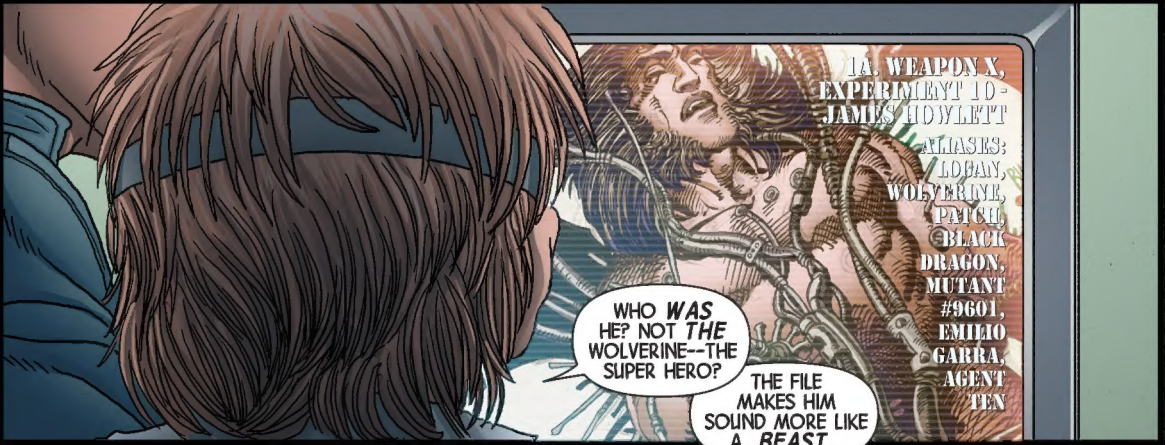


IT'S
HIM. LET'S
GO.

"NEXT THING
I KNOW..."



...I'VE GOT
THESE.

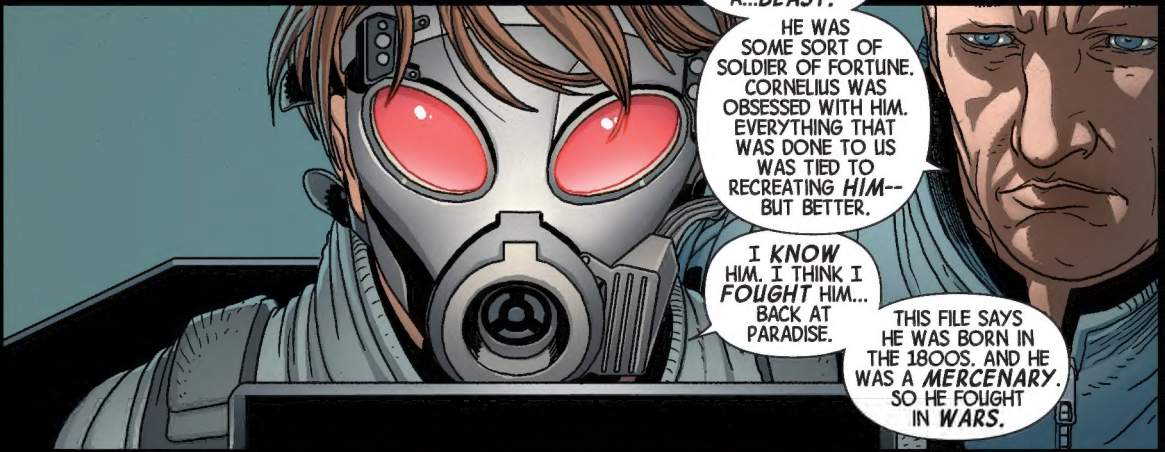


IA. WEAPON X,
EXPERIMENT 10-
JAMES HOWLETT

ALIASES:
LOGAN,
WOLVERINE,
PITCH,
BLACK
DRAGON,
MUTANT
#9601,
EMILIO
GARRA,
AGENT
TEN

WHO WAS
HE? NOT THE
WOLVERINE--THE
SUPER HERO?

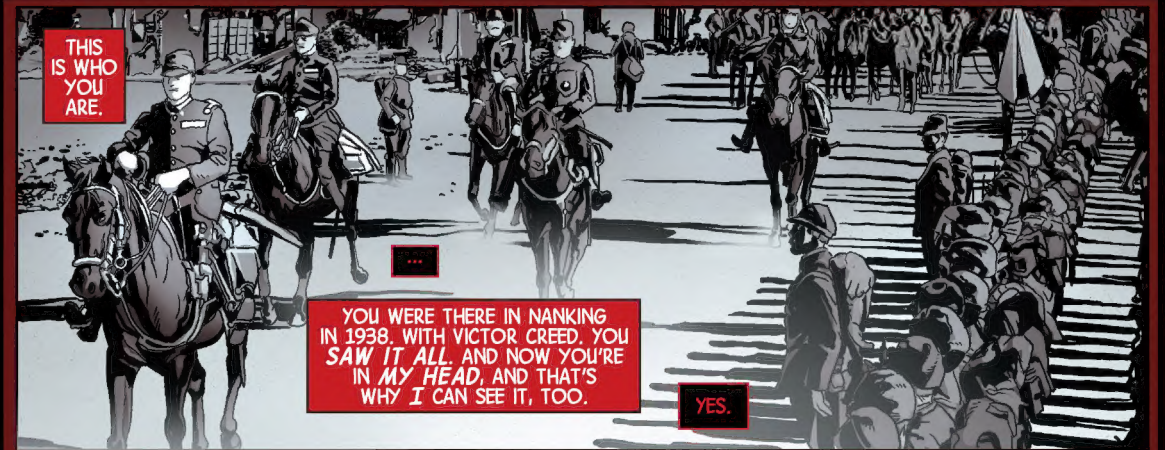
THE FILE
MAKES HIM
SOUND MORE LIKE
A...BEAST.



HE WAS
SOME SORT OF
SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.
CORNELIUS WAS
OBSESSED WITH HIM.
EVERYTHING THAT
WAS DONE TO US
WAS TIED TO
RECREATING HIM--
BUT BETTER.

I KNOW
HIM. I THINK I
FOUGHT HIM...
BACK AT
PARADISE.

THIS FILE SAYS
HE WAS BORN IN
THE 1800S. AND HE
WAS A MERCENARY.
SO HE FOUGHT
IN WARS.



THIS
IS WHO
YOU
ARE.

YOU WERE THERE IN NANKING
IN 1938. WITH VICTOR CREED. YOU
SAW IT ALL. AND NOW YOU'RE
IN MY HEAD. AND THAT'S
WHY I CAN SEE IT, TOO.


YES.



SO AM
I YOU, OR
AM I ME?

YES.

WHAT?



NOTHING.
THE GUY WE'RE
TRACKING NOW--THE
OTHER *EXPERIMENT*.
VICTOR CREED. HE'S
LISTED HERE AS ONE OF
LOGAN'S ASSOCIATES. HE
FOUGHT IN MOST OF
THE SAME WARS AS
LOGAN DID.

YES...
AND?

SO CREED WILL
KNOW THINGS
ABOUT LOGAN. HE'LL
HAVE **ANSWERS**.

WHY DO WE
CARE ABOUT **LOGAN**?
DON'T WE CARE MORE
ABOUT WHAT WAS
DONE TO **US**?




TWO BIRDS,
NEURO.



I DON'T
MEAN TO BOTHER
YOU GUYS, BUT I
WAS HOPING WE
COULD...**STOP**
SOON?

I HAVE
PEOPLE WHO MUST
BE **LOOKING** FOR
ME. I NEED TO **CALL**
THEM. WE SEEM
SAFE NOW,
AND--

ENDO...
MEIFENG...I'M
SORRY. WE ARE **NOT**
SAFE, NOT YET. ANY
CONTACT WITH OUR OLD
LIVES COULD SET OFF
ALARM BELLS. WE
NEED TO **LAY**
LOW.



I CAN RUN, LIKE, TEN MILLION
MILES AN HOUR, YOU KNOW. I
DON'T HAVE TO **STAY** IF I
DON'T **WANT** TO.

I KNOW
THAT. SO
LET ME BE
CLEAR.

IF YOU LEAVE,
IF YOU GET IN TOUCH
WITH YOUR **PEOPLE**,
THERE IS EVERY CHANCE
YOU WILL DIE, AND
SO WILL WE.



SO,
PLEASE, DO
NOT DO
THAT.

THEY JUST
KIDNAPPED
YOU? RIGHT OFF
THE STREET?

SEEMS LIKE IT. BUT IT'S OKAY. I CAN
BREATHE UNDERWATER, I CAN SPIT
POISON, I CAN SEE IN THE DARK--
GOD KNOWS WHAT *ELSE*
I CAN DO.

SURE, I LOOK A
LITTLE FREAKY, BUT LOTS
OF SUPER HEROES DO. AND
WITH THOSE...WHAT DO YOU
CALL 'EM...YOU KNOW, THEY
GOT THAT HOT REDHEAD
QUEEN ON THAT ISLAND IN
NEW YORK HARBOR...

INHUMANS.

RIGHT. WITH
THAT *CLOUD* THING
GOING AROUND THE WORLD,
MORE OF *THEM* EVERY DAY,
AND MOST OF THOSE GUYS
LOOK WORSE THAN I DO.
BETWEEN THEM, MUTANTS,
CYBORGS...HELL.

I GOT BETTER
POWERS, I GOT
NATURAL CHARM, I
GOT A COOL
CODE NAME...

...COULD BE
A HELL OF A LOT
WORSE. I THINK ONCE
THIS IS ALL DONE, I'LL
GO UP TO NEW YORK, JOIN
THE *AVENGERS*. I'LL
BE *JUST FINE*.

HOW ABOUT
YOU? WHAT'S
YOUR STORY?

MY *STORY*
IS I THINK I
GOTTA PULL OVER
SOON. GETTIN' ALL
CRAMPED UP.

→NNGH←

LET'S
→NNGH← TALK
FOR A FEW.
SEE IF THAT...
HELPS.

YOU...A
FOOTBALL
FAN?

LITTLE
BIT. 49ERS,
MOSTLY.

WELL, I GUESS
WE AIN'T USING REAL
NAMES, BUT IF I TOLD
YOU MINE, MAYBE
YOU'D RECOGNIZE
IT.

I WAS
PRETTY
GOOD...

"...BACK IN THE DAY.

"I WAS A **LINEBACKER**. WASN'T THE BIGGEST, BUT I WAS DAMN NEAR THE **TOUGHEST**. DOCS ALL SAID SO. I WAS **DENSER** OR SOMETHING. THEY PUBLISHED PAPERS ABOUT IT IN **MEDICAL JOURNALS**.

"FIGURED I WAS A HALL OF FAMER. I WENT **HARD**. EVERY TIME.

DETROIT. 1993.

"MAYBE WENT **TOO HARD**, WHEN ALL WAS SAID AND DONE.

"SCREWED UP MY HEAD. **CONCUSSIONS**, YOU KNOW.

"STOPPED ME FROM BEING ABLE TO THINK THE RIGHT WAY.

"MADE SOME BAD CHOICES. **KILLED A GUY ON THE FIELD**. HAD TO STOP FOR A WHILE.

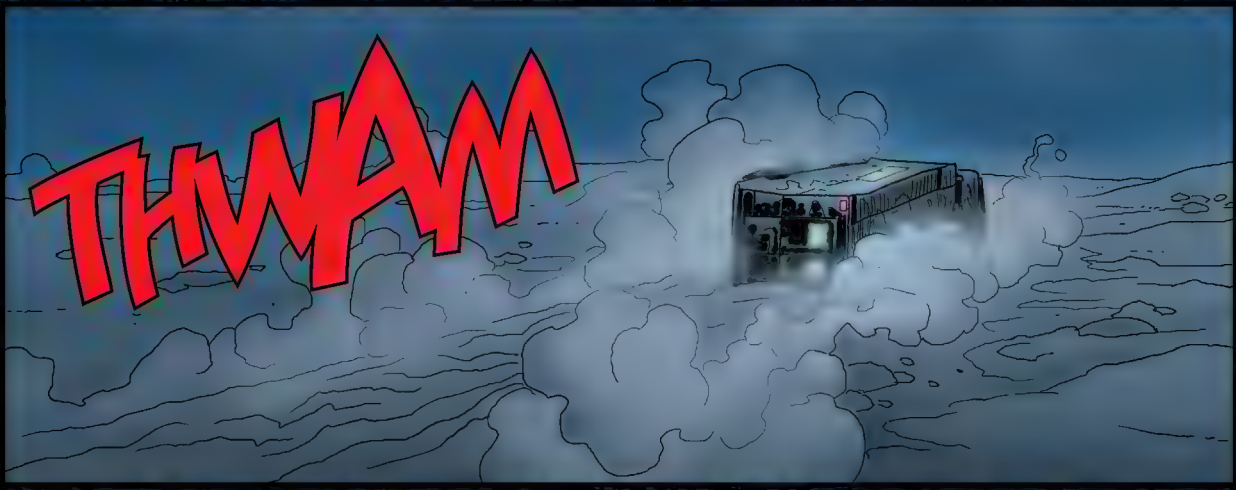
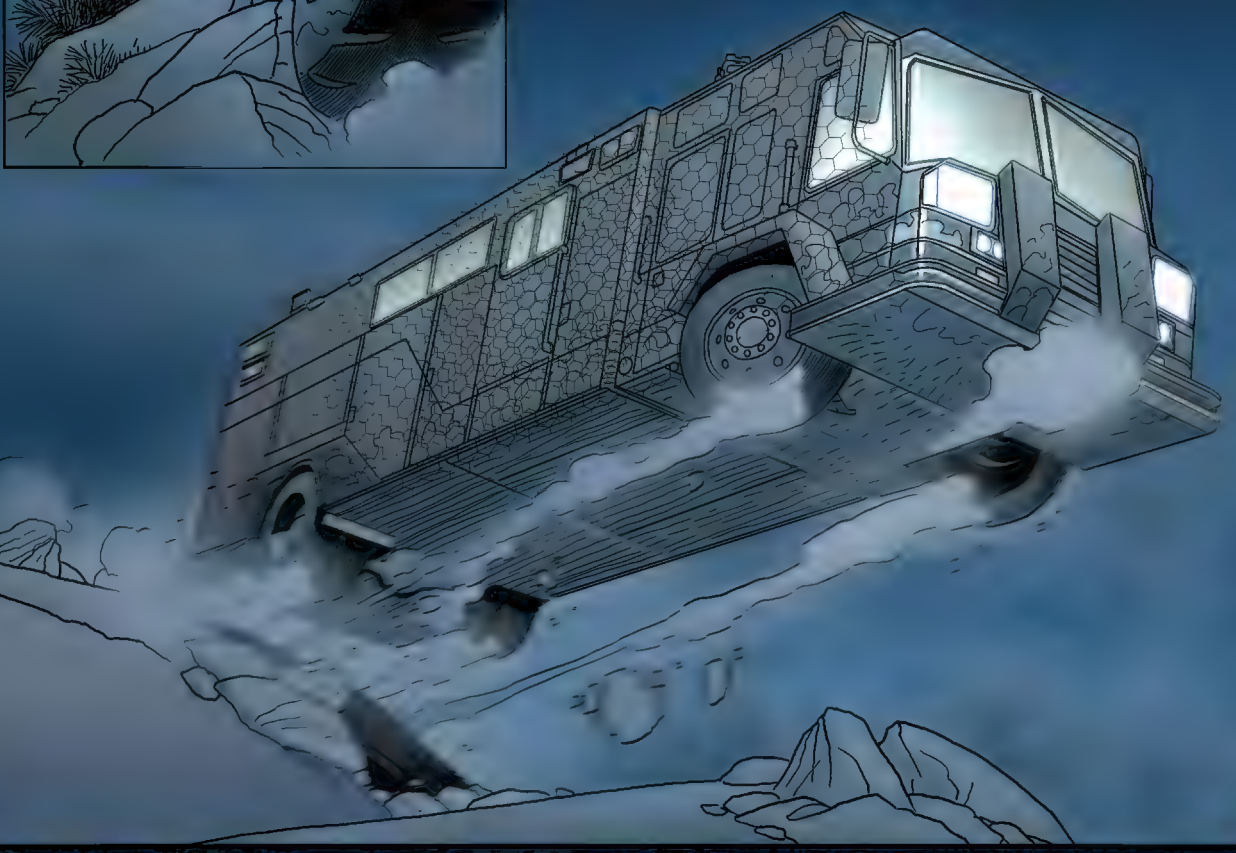
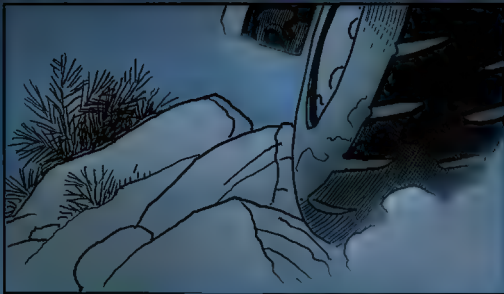
"WASN'T SAFE FOR ME. WASN'T SAFE FOR...THE OTHER GUYS.

"SO WHEN SOME **DOCTORS** CAME CALLING, SAID THEY COULD FIX ME UP, FIX MY HEAD, MAYBE GET ME BACK IN THE GAME...

"...I SAID SURE, **SIGN ME UP**. I MEAN--"

--NNNNNGH!

HEY.
HEY! YOU
OKA--





H-HOW...
WHAT JUST
HAPPENED? HOW
DID I GET
INTO THIS
SEAT?!

YOUR
CHEEK IS
BLEEDING,
ENDO.

I KNOW. I
RAN INTO A FLYING
SCREWDRIVER WHEN
I WAS GRABBING YOU
GUYS. STRAPPING
YOU ALL IN.

AND
YOU'RE
WELCOME.



AND
THANK
YOU.

I'LL
HELP YOU
DOWN.

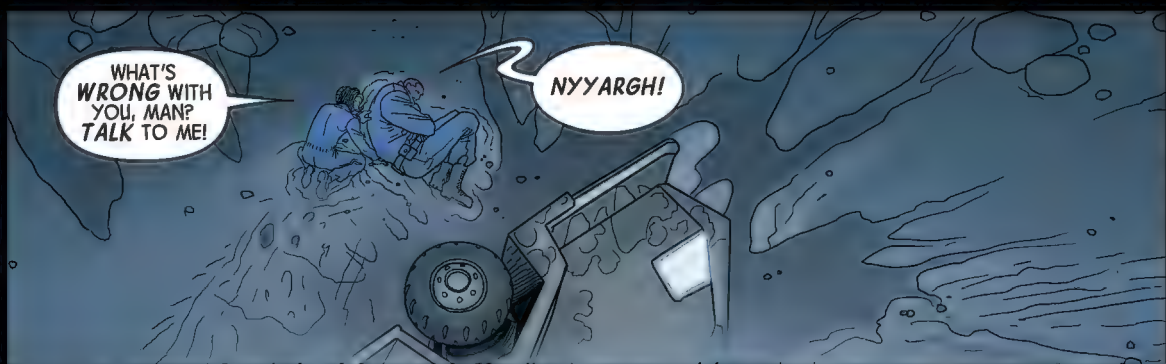
WE NEED
TO CHECK
ON--



HELP!

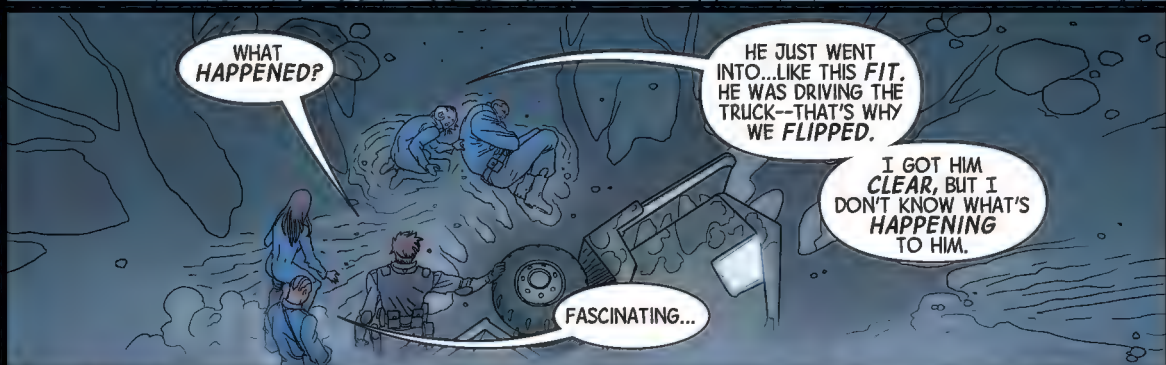
HLIK

YOU'RE
FASTER THAN
I THOUGHT,
ENDO. YOU SAVED
BOTH OF US AND
YOURSELF IN THE
TIME IT TOOK
FOR THE TRUCK
TO FLIP. I'M
IMPRESSED.



WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
YOU, MAN?
TALK TO ME!

NYYARGH!



WHAT
HAPPENED?

HE JUST WENT
INTO...LIKE THIS **FIT**.
HE WAS DRIVING THE
TRUCK--THAT'S WHY
WE **FLIPPED**.

I GOT HIM
CLEAR, BUT I
DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO HIM.

FASCINATING...



...FASCINATING.

HELP
HIM, YOU
FREAK!

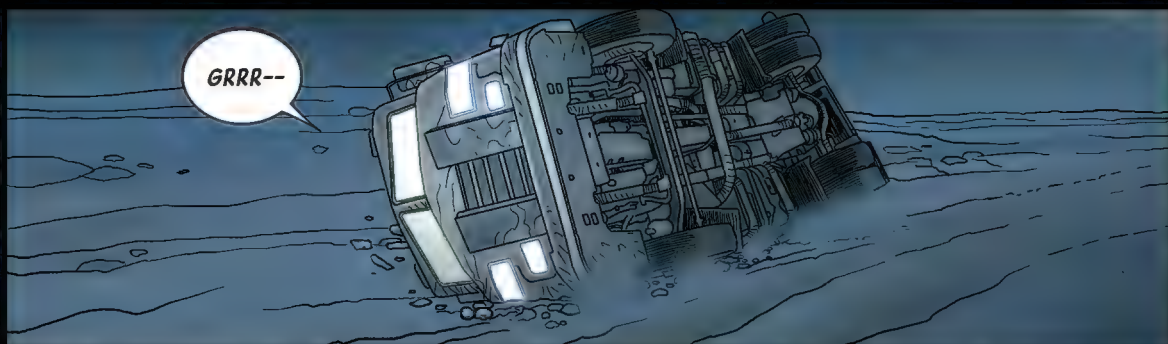


WHAT
MAKES
YOU THINK
I CAN?

I'M NOT A
DOCTOR--



--BUT HE MAY
BE ABLE TO HELP
HIMSELF.



GRRR--



--AAH!

THERE
WE GO!

KRSH



FEEL
BETTER,
AMIGO?

I...*DO*,
JUNK. YEAH.
A LITTLE.

HOW'D YOU
KNOW THAT WOULD
WORK, NEURO?
THAT I COULD LIFT
A DAMN TRUCK?



BECAUSE I
THINK. THAT'S
ALL IT TAKES.

WHEN WE
FIRST MET DURING
OUR ESCAPE FROM
PARADISE, YOU WERE
ENDURING A SIMILAR
SORT OF ATTACK.

THEN YOU
FOUGHT,
AND THE PAIN
VANISHED.

I THINK
YOUR MUSCULAR
AND SKELETAL
ENHANCEMENTS NEED
TO BE *USED*, OR
THEY'LL DEGRADE.
AND SO WILL
YOU.



THAT...
THAT AIN'T...

DAMN.

NEW ORLEANS,
LOUISIANA.

MOTEL

TV • PHONE

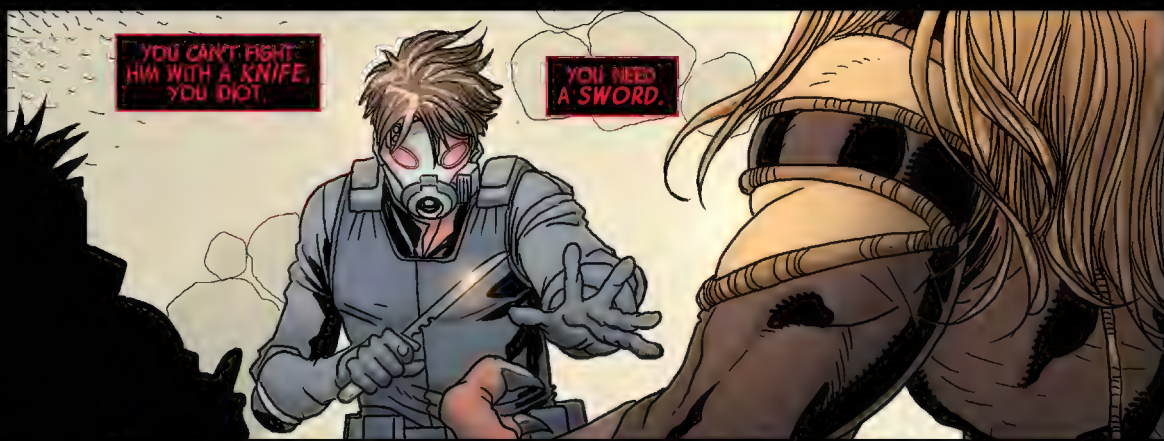
"WE DON'T WANT
TO FIGHT YOU. WE
JUST CAME TO TALK!"

RRRARGH!

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING,
YOU FOOL?

THIS IS
SABRETOOTH.
HE DOESN'T
CONVERSE!

HE JUST
KILLS!







STOP
FIGHTING
ME!

IF YOU'RE FIGHTING
ME, YOU AREN'T
FIGHTING HIM! HE'LL
KILL US BOTH!



I'VE COME TOO
FAR TO BE KILLED BY
VICTOR CREED.



THERE, DID...
JUST FINE...
WITHOUT YOU.

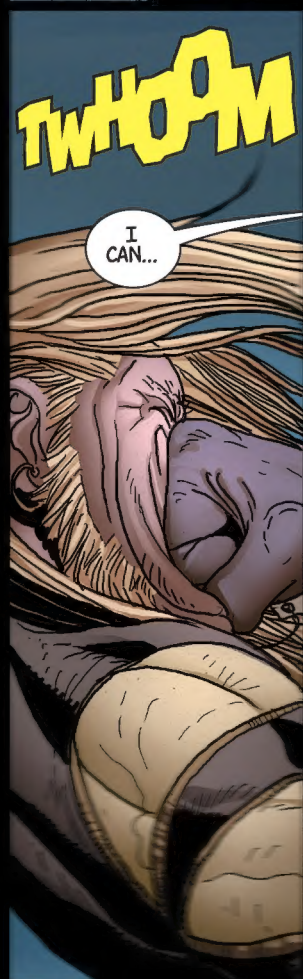
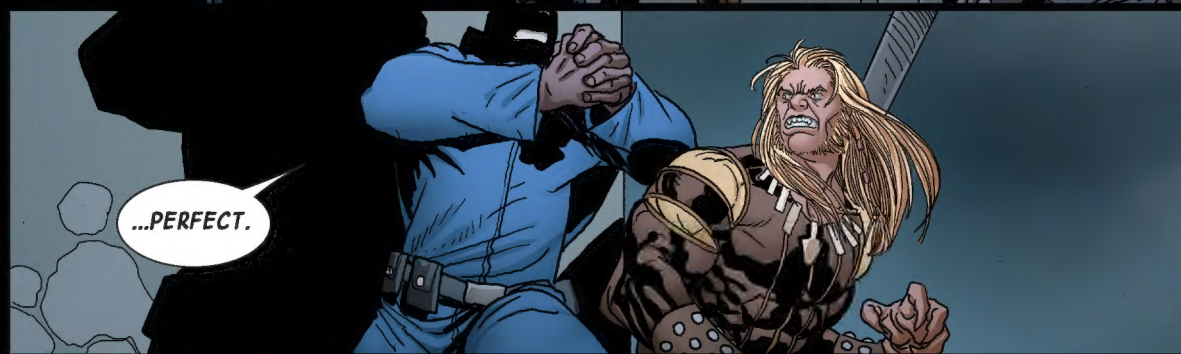
WISH I
HADN'T HAD
TO KILL
HIM, BUT--

HE'S NOT
DEAD,
YOU IDIOT!
SABRETOOTH
CAN--



--HEAL.

SKETCH





THANKS, SKEL.

ANY TIME. FELT GREAT. I FEEL GREAT. I'LL BEAT HIS ASS SOME MORE, YOU WANT.

NOT JUST NOW. GO BACK WITH THE OTHERS. I WANT TO TALK TO HIM ALONE.



SURE, MAYBE YOU CAN HEAL, BUT A KNIFE IN THE BRAIN CAN'T BE FUN.

YOU REMEMBER HOW TO TALK YET?

KILL YOU.



ANSWER MY QUESTION FIRST. YOU KNOW SOMEONE NAMED LOGAN?

HEH.

YOU COULD SAY THAT.



I THINK HE'S...IN MY HEAD. I'VE GOT HIS MEMORIES. NANKING IN 1938? WE WERE THERE, AT THE SAME TIME, WATCHING GENERAL MATSUI ENTER THE CITY.

I CAN SEE YOU. WE WERE STANDING NEAR EACH OTHER, OUT ON THE STREET.



I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU GOT IN YOUR HEAD, PAL, BUT LOGAN WASN'T THERE. IF HE'D BEEN THERE, I'D HAVE SMELLED HIM, AND THEN I'D HAVE TRIED TO KILL HIM. WAR OR NO WAR.

BEST I RECALL, THE RUNT WAS PLAYING SPY IN MADRIPOOR IN '38. NANKING WAS TOO UGLY FOR GUYS LIKE HIM.

DON'T KNOW WHO YOU GOT IN YOUR HEAD...



...BUT IT AIN'T LOGAN.

THE GARDEN DISTRICT.

DEEP

TAYLOR?

IT'S MEIFENG. WHY AREN'T YOU PICKING UP?

I'M IN NEW ORLEANS, AND I'M ALL RIGHT.

I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH, AND I'LL BE BACK WITH YOU...



"...AS SOON AS I CAN."

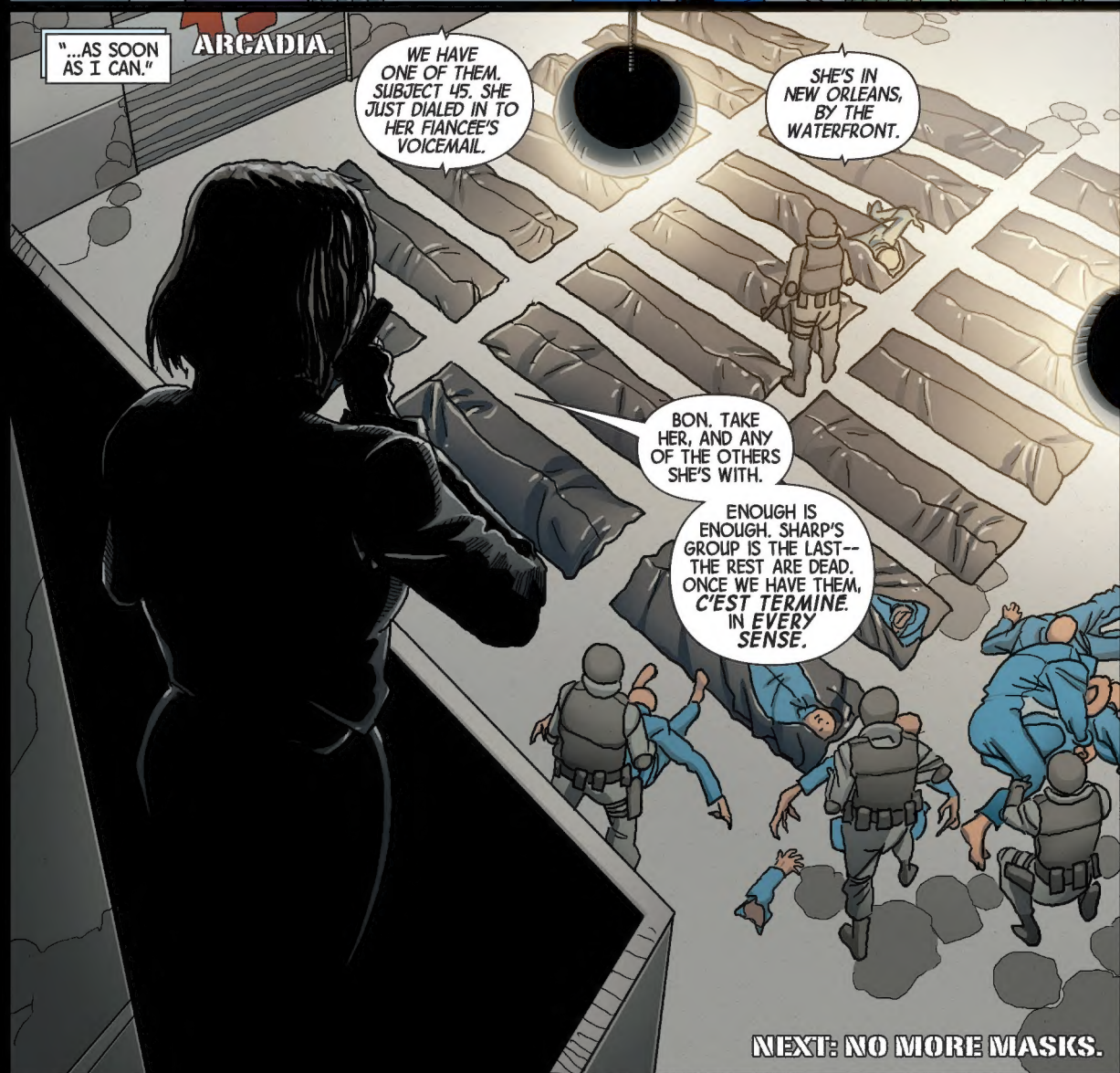
ARCADIA.

WE HAVE ONE OF THEM. SUBJECT 45. SHE JUST DIALED IN TO HER FIANCEE'S VOICEMAIL.

SHE'S IN NEW ORLEANS, BY THE WATERFRONT.

BON. TAKE HER, AND ANY OF THE OTHERS SHE'S WITH.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH. SHARP'S GROUP IS THE LAST-- THE REST ARE DEAD. ONCE WE HAVE THEM, C'EST TERMINE. IN EVERY SENSE.



NEXT: NO MORE MASKS.